

Oxford County Advertiser.

TAKE NOTICE.

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Sample Copy--FREE.

THE SKIN WE W.

If you and I, to-day
Should stop and lay
Our life-work down, and let one
where they will--
Fall down to the quite still--
And if some other hand should come
To find
The threads we carried, so that it
Beginning where it stopped; if it
To keep
Our life-work going; seek
To carry on the good design
Disturbingly the course, or
What would it find?

Some work we must be doing, true;
Some threads we wind; some purpose
Itself that we look up to it, or down,
As for a crown
To how before, and we weave the th.
Of intricate lengths and thickness--
sheds

And wind them round,
Till all the skin of life is so
Sometimes forgetting at the
To ask
The value of the threads, or on
Strong stuff to use

No hand but winds some thread,
It cannot stand quite still; it is a dead
But what it spins and winds a little skin,
God made each hand to work--not to stain
In required, but every hand
Spins, though but ropes of sand.
If love should come
Stooping above when we are done,
To bid bright threads
That we have held, that we may spin them
longer

Spind the sheds
That break when touched, how cold,
Sad, shivering, portionless, the hands will hold
The broken strands and know
Fresh cause for we.

THE SPINNING MATCH.

BY ROSE TERRY COOKE.

"Why, Joshua! I haven't seen you
for quite a spell! Set down; set right
down!" said Amasa Perkins, as Joshua
Giddings surprised him by walking into
the old bar-room of what was once
Petersham Tavern.

But it was a bar-room no longer. Bot-
tles, kegs, demijohns, glass jars of
lemons, gay earthen crocks for sugar,
nutmeg-groter, tumblers, all were gone;
only the box-stove and the short counter
remained and the various arm-chairs;
for Petersham Tavern was a tavern no
more. Its day was done.

Stage-coaches had left the highways,
and Amasa and his wife lived alone in a
corner of the straggling old house that
once had swarmed with guests--stage-
travellers stopping to dine; rich people tra-
veling in their own carriages; peddlers,
stock-drovers, itinerant doctors, botanists
and otherwise; menagerie people, Meth-
odists on their way to Dartmouth Falls
camp-meeting, fishermen bound for the
clear brooks of the Taghonnish
Mountains, and hunters who hoped to
find a deer or a bear in the still untrud-
den depths of the forests, but were sure
to return with plenty of quail and par-
tridge.

Minia trainings, too, with their calls
for hard cider, singing, dogs' nose and
other evil concoctions of the sort, were
no longer held in Petersham, and as for
summer boarders, Aunt Desire had al-
ways steadily refused to take them,
stigmatizing them with up-turned nose
as "city-trash."

Joshua Giddings, who returned to
night to the old place, was born in
Petersham. After a short trial of hard
farming in his younger days, he had
gone to California early in the gold-
fever years. Like many other adven-
turers, he was unsuccessful at gold
mining, but he had wisely settled down
on a ranch near San Francisco, and had
accumulated a little money, never losing
in the isolation of his farm his Yankee
tongue or his old attachment to Peters-
ham, particularly to Amasa Perkins.
He had called to see him now, only a
few hours after his arrival, and to in-
spect the changes forty-five years had
wrought in his absence.

"I'm dreadfully glad to get back, now
I tell you, Amasa," he said, as he settled
down into the old green spindle-backed
arm-chair and looked about him.
"Things is some changed, to be sure,
but the old tavern's here yet."

"It's be sure to be sure! and me
and Desire, a-livin' in the corner on
like mice in a cheese. But I was born
here, and so was my father afore me,
and my grandpa afore him. Perkinses
hev kep' tavern here time out o' time,
ye may say; anyhow since Petersham
was settled. And they would ha' been
keepin' the tavern yet, if 'twasn't for
them consarned steam tea-kettles on
wheels a-runnin' and flax-fizzin' and
scurchin' all over the kentry."

"Tavern-keepin' is kinder played
out," said Joshua, reflectively.
"This now, I tell ye. Jest to think
of the good times when the 'waz a
tavern to every town. Rice's lions a-
swingin' onto the sign-pole lateral as
life; one foot a-pawin' and fall up; now
they're split up for kindlin', or a-fyin'
like orn up in the wood-house chim-
ber all dust. Why, your folks used to
keep tavern over on Goshen Hill in them
times."

"They did. Grandpa Spinner kep' it
after Ma'am Hopsy Pratt up and died.
Grandmother Spinner was her daught-
er, ye know."

"Yes. I've heard tell they warnt
much alike, though."

"I tell ye they warnt! I've heard
Grandpa Spinner tell more yarn about
that old woman when I was a little

In the recent fire we lost our sub-
scription list, accounts and everything
pertaining to the Advertiser office.
Part of our list is made up from mem-
ory and cannot be otherwise than in-
complete. If we have omitted any
whose names should be on the list, we
hope they will notify us of the fact by
postal card or by calling at our office.
We have no definite means of knowing
those who have made advance pay-
ments or how much is due us on the
old list from subscribers, who are in
arrears. We shall expect the former
to notify us (as they hold receipts)
and get their proper credits and the
latter we hope will not be "backward
in coming forward" with such amounts
of cash as they think they owe us so
that we may be able to get our list into
shape at an early date.

girls was in them days. Grandpa Spin-
ner he was loved by Josiah Pratt
when Celye was about nineteen, and he
took a likin' to her and she to him.
"But, ye see, Ma'am Hopsy, she was
bound an' possessed 't Celye should hev
Squire Battle, because he had means--a
big farm and some money in the Har-
ford Bank.

"She didn't noway mistrust that Josiah
Spinner favored Celye, for they didn't
hev no need to keep company reglar,
bein' always in the same house; and
grandpa he warnt real ready to make
known his meanin' to the old folks. He
wanted to lay up a little before settlin',
so he and Celye agreed to keep still."

"Well, in them days they used to
spin all the linen; some was striped for
to make gowns and petticoats, and
some was for sheets and some for shirts.
The women-folks spun the thread, and
this was always somebody's 't had a loom
ready for to weave it."

"Ma'am Hopsy she used consider'ble
linen in the tavern, and Celye she spun
heaps and heaps o' yarn, and of the
best, too."

"Girls in them days warnt taught to
pound on a pinnery, or job on plates and
saucers, or make jig-a-marees out o'
paper with holes all over it, or stuff
with the threads drawn out. They
learned to make good, sweet bread and
fashioned pies 'n ginger-cakes an'
a-buns and 'lection cake. They was
fetched up to make 'tiled luncheon puddin';
to roast a pig to turn and to spin
'tiled dinners and mix 'twit'led for
hungry folks at hayin'-time. Folks
didn't have dyspepsy then and hev to
liv' on horse-fodder."

"Celye was fetched up by line an'
rule. She got up early and went to bed
early; but she warnt real rugged some-
how. She was kinder tall and slimy,
and hed a pretty color forever comin'
an' goin' in her face as though somethin'
had been an' flickered out continuous
inside of her."

"But Ma'am Hopsy she was made of
steel springs an' sole-leather herself,
and she never spared nobody no more'n
she spared herself, and that warnt a
mite any time."

"Well, it came about that 't was a
quiltin' frolic one time up to the tavern;
the 'waz several pieced quilts, so the
frames was set up in the old ball-room.
They used to hev balls and sleigh rides
and county court and what-not in that
room in them days; and in the tavern,
Goshen bein' the shire town."

"Well, ye see, at this quiltin' Miss
Baker she that was Lizzy Ann Spinner,
my grandpa's half-sister, she began to
bring about the runs o' yarn she'd spun
that week, and one and another of the
women got a-tellin' and a-tryin' for to
take the wind out o' her sails, so to
speak; and as every one o' 'em was
what they could ha' done at they could
ha' buckled to it without anything to
hinder 'em."

"Now, Ma'am Hopsy was 'enter 'n a
wasel. She had one eye on the main
chance the hull time, whatever the other
was a-doin', and she spoke up kinder
laughin' and see she:

"I'll tell ye what, we'll get up a
spinnin'-match here in the room, 't
ten flax wheels here in a row. I'll send
Josh Spinner around to fetch 'em in the
cart, and the girls shall come to do the
reelin', for I mean to hev the married
folk try first, and I'll give ye all a rous-
in' good supper, and give a fat turkey to
the one that spins the most runs be-
twix sun-up and sun-down."

"Well, they were mighty tickled, and
'twas they'd come a Wednesday week.
So come they did--ten married women
and ten girls to wait on 'em. They
warnt to stop for no dinner, only jest
totake a drink o' water, the girls was to
fill the distaffs and reel the yarn."

"I tell ye there was considerable buzz
to Goshen tavern that day! and down
to the kitchen there was such a bakin'
an' bilin' an' roasin' a-go-in' as never
was. But, mind ye, 'twas all Ma'am
Hopsy's flax they spun, and she was to
hev the thread! They arn't their supper
lively."

"Come along towards the end o' the
afternoon, and Henry Beach he come in
jest to see the fun. His wife was one o'
the spinnin', and he set by her, dread-
fully; 't thought the sun ris an' set in her
face. He mistrusted she was a over-
doin' 'n an' sure enough, she and Miss
Miller was runnin' o' a race. Miss
Beach had spun five runs already, and
Lizzy Miller had spun five 'n a half, and
'twas an hour now afore sun-down."

"Henry see his wife was white as a
sheet, her eyes a-shinin', and then breath-
a-comin' like a bound's when he's most
come up with the fox, and the sweet
standin' on her forehead till her outis

stringin' wet, and he jest stepped
as capable as ever you see, and
sped her yarn right off."

"Lyddy," says he, "you sha'n't kill
me jest for a run o' yarn!"
Well, she burst out a-singin', and
like a baby. She was tired-out,
mad, and disspinted; but she had
up, and of course, Miss Miller beat
her."

Well, when it come supper-time, the
folks that was asked came in, and
had real sport, and Miss Miller shed
ed off the turkey as poplar as a
with one chickin', and Squire Bat-
tle spoke up and see he:

"Tain't fair to let the married folks
off all the honors. I propose 't
ave a spinnin'-match for the girls
week, and I'll give a gold ring to
the best beats them."

So they settled to have it. What-
privacy he had about it with
in Hopsy, I don't know, nobody
knowed; he nor she never told.
Afterwards she let slip somethin' or
t' more'n once, but she showed her
ed the idea that the ring would be
gin'-ring, and his'n at that; and
was clear determined Celye should
get it."

"She knew the girl was smart and
had good grit, and she kep' a-puttin'
her up to beat, all the week, sayin' how
'shamed she should feel after givin' two
suppers, if her daughter couldn't lead
the crowd, and so on, as women folks
will when they get possessed to hev
their own way, and try to move heaven
and earth for it."

"She knew well enough that Squire
Battle wanted a wife to look after the
dairy, for he couldn't get a woman to
house-keep that really suited of him
sence Roxie White left him to get mar-
ried."

"Ye see, his wife had been dead goin'
on two year, and Roxie was help there
before, Miss Battlebein sort of consump-
tion; and the squire said when Roxie
went that he didn't know what he could
do but get married, for himself he didn't
take no interest."

"Fact is, he was dreadfully near, and
he begrudged paying out money for
help."

"Well, come next week the 'waz ten
girls to them flax-wheels at sun-up, and
Celye to the head of 'em. They didn't
stop for nothin'. They calc'lated that
they'd do better to eat a mite betwixt
breakfast and supper, for last time the
waz had grumbled some about goin'
without; said it made them feel as
though they should break in two. So
this time the women that filled the dis-
taffs fixed vittles for 'em and let 'em
vittles the waz spinnin' so'st they
didn't have to stop a minnit."

"Well, it's a most a monstrous big
story to tell, but it's the livin' truth,
I can see, Celye Pratt had spun
seven full runs o' yarn, two runs bein'
called a hull day's work when you hev
it."

"But it done for her; she fainted
dead-away right off, and they took her
to bed, and for two days she lay
keep the ring for her till she got well,
but she never had no ring from him."

"Josh Spinner he was a-fussin' round
outside a day or two after that, and
he quire Battle come out to look
at a pair o' cattle a drover had fetched
over from Sharon to sell, and 'long
come Henry Beach and talked to 'em
a spell, and 'twasn't no privacy, so Josh
he kep' on what he was doin' and heared
it all. Pray you see Henry says:

"Well, square, have ye put that
gold ring onto Celye's weddin'-finger
yet?"

"No! No, says the squire, cressen't
thunder. No, nor sha'n't, never. I
don't want no sick folk to my house,
they can't stan' a day's spinnin'. I
wouldn't pick her up now for a cent!"

"Josh he jest stepped in an' giv' him
one o' his belts an' called him like a ox-
on countin' he had hed her, you big
prute, anyway! says he, a lookin' down
at him. 'For she's promised to me this
year back; you can giv' that ring o'
yarn to one o' the Elwell tribe, sence
it's a nigger slave you're a lookin'
after."

"The squire fetched him into court
about it; but when the judge heared
the hull story, he fined Josh jest six
cents, and gave Squire Battle a piece of
his mind besides."

"So Ma'am Hopsy, when she heared
on't all, why, she was moderately will-
in' to let Josh marry Celye, and mar-
ried they was; but Celye never see a
well day after that spinnin'-match. Old
Dr. Sheldon said 'twas the hard work
right along for twelve hours that broke
her down, because she'd got Josiah's
constitution and Ma'am Hopsy's ambi-
tion."

"She jest lived till my mother was
born, and then died, a hold-in' on to
Josh's hand to the last minnit."

"Ma'am Hopsy warnt there; she said
she'd go to see 'Josiah, but folks mis-
trusted she felt bad and didn't cal'late
to show it. Maybe, she had a heart;
women-folks are consider'ble apt to hev
that insidion, 't she kep' it well
covered up; 'twas kinder weakly, I ex-
pect."

"Somebody told Grandpa Spinner a
spell after that Henry Beach an' Lyddy
come to the funeral, and cried, both on
'em, like children; and as they was a-
comin' out o' the yard Lyddy looked up
at him and says, half-sobbin'--

"O Henry! that might be me a-
lyin' there to-day, if you didn't have
his appearance (I never read some En-
glish author who says if you wish to
impress others with your greatness,
make them wait for you), and haughtily
demand the meaning of all this
blame!"

The old men stated their case with
their hats in their hands, each one with
a look of hair over his left eye, and
wished to know if it was master called
that stuff in their pants fit for people
to eat. "I don't see anything the mat-
ter with it."

"But taste it--taste it,"
was the demand. "Steward, steward,
fetch me a fork," he pompously ordered.
The steward brought the fork, where-
upon he deliberately detached a morsel
with a plum in it, put it in his mouth,
smacked his lips and pronounced it ex-
cellent, most excellent duff; they had
ought to be ashamed to complain of
such fare, and grandly ordered the crew
forward. This was too much. "You
like it, do you, sir?" exclaimed one of
the men. "Well, you can have mine,
sir," and he heve it at the captain as he
would a snow-ball come, and he said
another, "take mine," and he let fly."

Then they all roared in chorus. "You
like it? eat mine and mine!" and they
began to pelt him, till the old man
with the kid yelled, "Yes, sir! take it
all you are welcome to it," and heve
kid and all down the stairs. Then they
let their pans go at him. And the
"dirty mate," as they called him, and
our "Yankee beggar," who was forbid-
den to come aft, the booty-hatch stood
upon this coigne du vantage, took good
aim over the heads of the rest and
knocked the master's gold banded hat off."

The discomfited commander beat a
retreat; the sailors had their revenge
and felt better; the result was that the
"official log" was produced; I suppose
the British "horficer" noted the pro-
ceedings down "by act of Parliament,"
etc., etc. It was read over to the ring-
leaders that they had insulted an officer
in the Queen's navy by pelting him
with duff, etc., for all of which they
would be fined a day's pay or something
of that sort, and they witnessed and
signed it, exclaiming that it was worth
a day's pay and they did not care a
pinch of snuff for it."

THE PLUM DUFF.

An Amusing Little Story of the Sea.

"Kennelbeck," in the Boston Jour-
nal tells a funny story of Captain Mal-
ville, the Governor of the Saliers' Snug
dialor."

It is well known that "the Governor"
a brother of the author, Herman
Malville, and the reader of the latter's
book "Raburn" will notice that he
dedicates it to his young brother, then
on his first voyage to China. It was on
a voyage to and from China that the
young brother stowed away many good
stories to be related to his friends after-
ward, and one he told me when he was
"Chief" of a crack Boston clipper ship.

He was scuttin' in China and looking for
a ship. Now, it happened that an En-
glish ship, on board of which something
had occurred, depriving her of her offi-
cers and crew, from captain down, was
recruiting a new ship's company. An
officer from a British man-of-war was
detained to navigate the ship to Eng-
land, and the rest were, from the masts
down, of the roughest sort.

Our young sailor had his chum,
another American, determined to try
their fortunes under the British flag.
There was no end of trouble and devil-
try, want of discipline and everything
that was good as a link to the harm-
seum sailor boys, and the passage
was tedious on. One night in the dog
watch, while the old tin of a teak-
built Royal Briton was rolling along,
the young officer was roused upon the
poop, steering his trick at the wheel.
He told me the light was a miserable
slush lamp, with a wick of oakum. He
could hardly see the compass, and much
the worse for the captain's eyes.

The whole command was
picking the deck, and with the aid
of his eye-glass and a flicker of the rude
light, discovered that the ship was a
point a-f' her course. "This never'll do,
ye know," said he, "ye can't steer a
ship, you American beggar!" This
stung our young sailor to the quick, and
he adopted the British fashion of
"cheeking" the master at once.

"I can steer, sir," said he,
"but not to beat like this." This caused
the lord of creation to explode in fierce
invectives upon all "blasted Yankees."
The consequence was, that at eight
o'clock the greatest cannon was fired,
touched the knuckle of his fore-finger
to a lock of hair sticking out from under
his cap, in token of respect, to await
the master's orders, who told him to
turn the American flag and never
allow him under any pretence to be
seen at the booty-hatch. The man
received his orders, and asked if it
should "make it bell bells, as it was
eight o'clock." "Very well," said he,
"I'll believe, on board of an
English ship is the rule. Eight bells
in the evening is never struck, until the
captain gives the order, as he may wish
some other time to fire."

This was a wretched ship, and there
was very little to eat on board. But
the steward pacified the grumbling crew
with the fact that "Christmas was com-
ing, and the master would give them
duff for the hands. This kept the dis-
contented, growling men quiet for the
time. I will digress here a little to say
that, I once upon a time, spent a few
months in England. I noticed that
among the lower classes the last half of
a week seemed to be spent in looking for-
ward to the Sabbath, when they were to
have the only real meal of the week,
the "sabbath" of plum pudding, and
"bit of pork and cabbage," and they
dwelt upon that for the first half of the
week that followed, when they turned
their longings appetites to the following
Sunday. I remember to see the cap-
tain of the ship probably was acquainted
with the habit, and thought he could
use Christmas the same as his country-
men did the Sabbath, i. e., live on it for
four or five days.

The long looked-for holiday came.
The duff was brought into the forecas-
tle (by the boys of course), and the
sage crew gathered around it. It was
a miserable batch of wozny, dirty flour,
boiled in greasy water, and very few
plums. One old Jack began by saying
"it was like a piece of bloody putty, the
bloody stuff!" Then there was no end to
the if they could get it, they would
waited and wished for so long--borne
with so much of want and hunger for?
"I'll tell you what it is," said my young
friend's chum, the American, "if that
was brought into an American ship's
forecastle we would not stand it a mo-
ment. 'No more will we,' snorted
an old barnacle back. 'What say ye,
mates, shall we carry it aft?' 'Aye! aye!
aye! aft with it!' joined the chorus."

This carrying a complaint aft to the
British lion's den is delicate business,
and has to be arranged with a great deal
of ceremony and etiquette. So it was
performed this case. Two or three of
the oldest hands headed the crew, each
with his tin pan and piece of duff.
Another old "heart of oak" that looked
in his whiskers like a rat peeping out
of a bunch of oakum, carried the kid a
small wooden tub, with a half of the
duff out in the center. The rest of the
crew followed in order according to
their age and rank. The steward, dodg-
ing about the cabin, saw the approach-
ing "circus," and went up the cabin
steps in time to receive the request of
the foremost delegation for an inter-
view with the captain. That awful
functionary leisurely and gravely made
his appearance (I never read some En-
glish author who says if you wish to
impress others with your greatness,
make them wait for you), and haughtily
demanded the meaning of all this
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Reminiscences of Emerson.

Miss Louisa M. Alcott writes in the
Youth's Companion: My first remem-
brance is of the morning when I was
sent to inquire for Little Waldo, then
lying very ill. His father came to me,
but he got washed and changed by
sorrow that I was startled, and could
only stammer out my message. "Child,
he is dead," was his answer. Then the
door closed and I ran home to tell the
tidings. I was only 8 years old,
and that was my first glimpse of a
great grief, but I never have forgotten
the anguish that made a familiar face so
tragic, and gave those few words more
power than the sweet lamentations of
the "Threnody."

Later, when we went to school with
the little Emersons in their father's
Barn, I remember many happy times
when the illustrious papa was our good
playfellow. Often piling us into a ber-
decked hay-cart, he took us to berry,
bathe, or picnic at Walden, making our
day charming and memorable by show-
ing us the places he loved; the wood-
people Thoreau had introduced to him,
or the wild flowers whose hidden homes
he had discovered. So that when years
afterward we read of "the sweet rho-
dus in the wood," and "the birdy
dumzlebebe," or laughed over
"The Mountain and the Squirrel," we
recognized old friends; and thanked him
for the delicate truth and beauty which
made them immortal for us and others.
--When the book man fell upon me at
15, I used to venture into Mr. Em-
erson's library and ask what I should
read, never conscious of the audacity of
my demand, so genial was my welcome.
His kind hand opened to me the riches
of Shakespeare, Dante, Goethe and
Carlyle, and I gratefully recall the sweet
patience with which he led me round
the book-shelves, till "the new and very
interesting book" was found; and the
indulgent smile he wore when I
proposed something far above my com-
prehension. "Wait a little for that,"
he said. "Meantime try this, and it
you like it, come again." For many of
these wise books I am waiting still very
patiently, because in his own I have
found the truest delight, the best in-
spiration of my life.

When these same precious volumes
were tumbled out of the window while
his house was burning some years ago,
as I stood guarding the scorched vol-
ume Mr. Emerson passed by, and, sur-
veying the devastation with philosophic
calmness, only said in answer to my la-
mentations, "I see my library under a
new aspect. Could you tell me where
my good neighbors have flung my
books?"

In the tribulations of later life this
faithful house friend was an earthly
Providence, conferring favors so beau-
tifully that they were no burden and
giving such sympathy in joy and sorrow
that very tender ties were knit between
this beneficent nature and the grateful
heart he made his own. I have often
seen him turn from distinguished guests
to say a wise or kindly word to some
humble workshipper sitting modestly in
a corner, content merely to look and
listen, and who went away to cherish
that memorable moment long and grate-
fully.

Our Rulers.

Among some of the savage peoples of
Africa when a new ruler is about to
be put at their head he is subjected to
the most outrageous treatment just be-
fore the supreme authority is vested in
him. He is beaten, bespattered with
mud, and spat upon. Civilized races
have found a better way of dealing with
those whom they raise to positions of
authority. They wait till their terms
have nearly expired before they begin
their worst abuse. It is the custom
now to ordain expiring Legislatures,
and in pursuance of it a Nashville paper
says of the Tennessee law-makers that
so long as members can "sit around on
the streets in front of hotels and board-
ing-houses, and look at street cars and
run to dress in four dollars a day
Home, sweet Home," has few attrac-
tions.

ter with it." "But taste it--taste it,"
was the demand. "Steward, steward,
fetch me a fork," he pompously ordered.
The steward brought the fork, where-
upon he deliberately detached a morsel
with a plum in it, put it in his mouth,
smacked his lips and pronounced it ex-
cellent, most excellent duff; they had
ought to be ashamed to complain of
such fare, and grandly ordered the crew
forward. This was too much. "You
like it, do you, sir?" exclaimed one of
the men. "Well, you can have mine,
sir," and he heve it at the captain as he
would a snow-ball come, and he said
another, "take mine," and he let fly."

Then they all roared in chorus. "You
like it? eat mine and mine!" and they
began to pelt him, till the old man
with the kid yelled, "Yes, sir! take it
all you are welcome to it," and heve
kid and all down the stairs. Then they
let their pans go at him. And the
"dirty mate," as they called him, and
our "Yankee beggar," who was forbid-
den to come aft, the booty-hatch stood
upon this coigne du vantage, took good
aim over the heads of the rest and
knocked the master's gold banded hat off."

The discomfited commander beat a
retreat; the sailors had their revenge
and felt better; the result was that the
"official log" was produced; I suppose
the British "horficer" noted the pro-
ceedings down "by act of Parliament,"
etc., etc. It was read over to the ring-
leaders that they had insulted an officer
in the Queen's navy by pelting him
with duff, etc., for all of which they
would be fined a day's pay or something
of that sort, and they witnessed and
signed it, exclaiming that it was worth
a day's pay and they did not care a
pinch of snuff for it."

Reminiscences of Emerson.

Miss Louisa M. Alcott writes in the
Youth's Companion: My first remem-
brance is of the morning when I was
sent to inquire for Little Waldo, then
lying very ill. His father came to me,
but he got washed and changed by
sorrow that I was startled, and could
only stammer out my message. "Child,
he is dead," was his answer. Then the
door closed and I ran home to tell the
tidings. I was only 8 years old,
and that was my first glimpse of a
great grief, but I never have forgotten
the anguish that made a familiar face so
tragic, and gave those few words more
power than the sweet lamentations of
the "Threnody."

Later, when we went to school with
the little Emersons in their father's
Barn, I remember many happy times
when the illustrious papa was our good
playfellow. Often piling us into a ber-
decked hay-cart, he took

OXFORD CO. ADVERTISER.

FRIDAY, JUNE 23, 1882.

An Independent Local Newspaper.

Terms: \$1.50 per year. When paid in advance \$1.25. All papers sent out of the county must be paid for in advance.

Address, ADVERTISER, Norway, Maine.

Announcement.

After a lapse of nearly two months, we resume the publication of the ADVERTISER. In the main, the paper will be the same as formerly. It will endeavor to gather up the local news and present it to its subscribers in a readable shape. As in the past the ADVERTISER will be independent in politics.

We labor under many difficulties in regard to our list—as every thing was lost in the fire—and our present list is made up from memory and must necessarily be incomplete. We hope all those who have been omitted will notify us at once.

Messrs. J. A. Seitz & Son have sold us their County list of subscribers and their interest in job printing in this County. They will continue the publication of the *True Religion* at North Conway, N. H.

Old and New.

Mrs. Scoville thinks she ought to have a divorce.

Michael Davitt, the Irish agitator arrived in New York, Sunday.

The grand jury has found four more indictments in the Star Route cases.

The vacation season is here. Tall figuring on finances in many families.

Monday, the House passed the pension bill appropriating \$100,000,000.

Oscar Wild was the first to discover that there are greenbacks to sunflowers.

E. W. Allen's stable at Canton was recently struck by lightning and set on fire.

The Republicans of Oxford County hold their County Convention at Paris Hill next Tuesday.

Jewish refugees who arrived in Manitoba are suffering severely, and they strongly dissuade further emigration to Canada.

Miss H. E. Shaw, daughter of Rev. E. F. Shaw, formerly editor and proprietor of the *Oxford Democrat*, was recently married to Dr. J. W. Whidden of Saco.

The population of the city of New York, according to the latest figures, is 1,206,299. Over one third of the number are foreigners.

Bob Ingersoll, it is reported, has lost \$50,000 in a copper-mining speculation. As far as we can discover the mistakes of Moses did not include flirtation with fancy mining stocks.

The ragpickers of St. Louis have formed an association "to show the public that men can be ragpickers and gentlemen at the same time." This is a very praiseworthy movement, and the association ought to be encouraged.

What terrible things are in store for the future! "The time is at hand," says a New York broker, "when men in want of bread and clothing will be frenzied, and they will drag William H. Vanderbilt and Jay Gould from their carriages on Fifth Avenue, and dash their brains out on the pavement."

Mr. Lewis Leavitt, of Canton, has planted 36 acres of sweet corn and has invested in a patent scare-crow run by clock-work to keep the crows from pulling it up. Mr. L. is building an addition to his corn canning factory, which is located on his farm. He has engaged about one hundred and fifty acres of corn for canning in addition to his own.

A Professor Gunning, up in Michigan, is lecturing on "After Man, What?" A Fort Wayne editor, who has been there, rises to remark that it is generally the sheriff or some woman.

"What lunatic asylum is that?" asked a stranger, pointing to a building from which the most horrible sounds were issuing. "Why, my dear sir," was the reply, "that is not a lunatic asylum. That is a female seminary; this is the practice hour."

This year of tempests and cyclones seems to be justifying its reputation. A terrific tornado did \$25,000 damage to steamboats at St. Louis, Saturday. \$50,000 damage was done in the city, all told. In central Iowa, the town of Grinnel was ruined by a tornado on Saturday. Malcom and Brooklyn, Iowa, were also levelled. At Grinnel there are forty-one dead and others dying, and 150 houses were destroyed, with \$600,000 worth of property. It is believed the tornado killed 100 persons and wounded about 300. The path of the tornado is now well defined as having been about twenty-five miles long and half a mile wide, extending five miles north-west of Grinnel, and twenty miles south-east.

Guiteau has less than ten days to live.

The final adjournment of Congress will probably be about July 15th.

Tuesday began the forty-fifth year of the reign of Queen Victoria.

The most important business is to know what ought to be done.

An appeal has been made for aid to those who suffered by the recent tornado in the West.

Edward Fabian of Boston read in Concert Hall Thursday evening. He is sure to please his audience.

Are the potato-bugs going to win?—*Ossipee Valley News*. Don't know; who have they nominated?—*Item*.

Seventy-five persons at Adrian, Mich., have been poisoned by eating a certain brand of cheese, none, however, fatally.

More lives and property have been lost on the Newfoundland banks this year by icebergs than for many years past.

Immense icebergs fill the ocean for 100 miles off Newfoundland. The oldest sailors report they never saw so much ice at sea.

You never find out how bad a man is till he's nominated for office, and you never know how good he has been until you read his obituary.

Our navy may be worthless, but who can say the army is a failure when better waiters are turned out from West Point in 1882, than in any previous year.

Over five and a quarter millions of dollars in gold bars for coinage were sent from New York to Philadelphia, Monday. Six millions more were sent Tuesday.

A servant girl discovered a man in the library of Chief Justice Park a few days ago. While she went for assistance, all of the family being absent, the man jumped from the window and escaped.

The New York Board of Aldermen yesterday passed resolutions urging railroad, steamship and other corporations employing laborers, to increase their wages to \$2 per day.

"Life is but a span." Yes, but it is a span that must be well handled. It is also a span that never fails to kick the driver into eternity when the end of the road is reached.

An intelligent compositor not far from this office transformed "A fierce fight at the poles," into "a prize-fight of the feds." The type still lives, but remains in a comatose condition.

Addison E. Herrick, Esq., of Bethel, law partner of Enoch Foster, Esq., and Miss Minnie D. Chase, only daughter of Capt. M. K. Chase, of Bluehill, were married June 19th.

Special despatches generally report a fine outlook for the corn crop in the corn sections of Illinois. Early planted corn stands 8 or 10 inches high and has been cultivated two or three times.

Never go into a newspaper office to shoot the editor. If you do you had better bring your coffin along. Many editors have skeletons in their closets, and it is no uncommon thing for ghosts to be found about the haunts of printers.

"Father, you are an awful brave man," said a Detroit youth as he smoothed the old man's gray locks, the other evening. "How do you know that, Willie?" "Oh, I heard some men down at the store say that you killed thousands of soldiers during the war." "Me? Why I was a beef contractor for the army!" "Yes that's what they said," explained young innocence, as he slid for the kitchen.

Nearly all the White Mountain Hotels were opened Saturday 17 inst. The Glen House, which is thought by many to be the finest of the Mountain Houses, entertained 38 guests last Sunday; 34 more than the corresponding Sunday of last year. The prospect of a rush at the Mountains, this season was never more flattering.

An Austin man started in the livery stable business last week, and the first thing he did was to have a big sign painted representing himself holding a mule by the bridle. "Is that a good likeness of me?" he asked of an admiring friend. "Yes, it is a perfect picture of you, but who is that fellow holding you by the bridle?"

A kindly policeman picked a drunken man out of a gutter, and, perceiving that his head was bent over to one side, set about straightening it by main strength. The fellow lazily opened his eyes and remarked: "Born so, mister, born so."

As might have been expected, on arriving in England Mr. P. T. Barnum at once took to the lecture field, and addressed the British public on the ever fascinating theme of "Jumbo." He reported to all inquirers, who thronged to hear him by thousands, that their one-time pet was getting along famously in America, and had become a strict teetotaler, thus adding much weight and strength to the temperance cause.

It is understood that the Greenbackers of Oxford county will call their county convention on the 8th of August.

Col. Reed says he still expects to save the neck of his client, Guiteau, but how he hopes to do it he lets nobody know.

In the House of Lords a motion for the second reading of the bill legalizing marriage with a deceased wife's sister was defeated by a vote of 128 to 132.

A Brooklyn man charged with burglary dressed himself in his mother's nightgown to escape detection and afterward made a bold dash for freedom.

"What a change," exclaims the novelist Roe, "one little woman can make in a man's life!" Exactly; and what a heap of "change" she requires while doing it.

Victor Hugo is credited with the remark "That the 19th century has made a man of the negro; in the 20th century Europe will have made a world of Africa."

A few days ago a New York policeman searched a respectable man accused of pocket picking in the street in full view of the passers-by. The indignant victim has brought suit for damages.

No danger of confederate bonds running short. They can be engraved and printed for about a cent a piece, and several men have gone into it for a living. Bring on your market and the bonds will be there.

Memphis papers say that recent warm weather has had a marvellous effect on the cotton crop, and planters are hopeful of a good yield. The grain crops of Tennessee will be a surprise to the great West this year. Corn and clover are doing well in all parts of the State, and rye, oats and barley will be an advance on previous years.

The illustrated Fryberg Webster Memorial soon to be published by A. F. Lewis, will contain a hitherto unpublished Fourth of July oration, by Daniel Webster, at the age of 22, when Principal of Fryberg Academy, with many of his letters, as well as poems written by him while at college and at Fryberg; a poem by Longfellow on Lovewell's Fight, a poem by John Whittier, descriptive of Fryberg's mountain scenery; also numerous other poems descriptive of Fryberg's history and scenery, several of the latter having been specially written for this Memorial.

The cost of a wedding to the New York man moving in society is thus reckoned up by a society paper: The ceremony over, the minister's fee must be paid. This is usually \$100, and seldom less, while the sexton gets \$25 unless he has charge of the other arrangements, when, of course, his pay is much higher. The general manager of the invitations, carriages, etc., is paid according to the length of time of his services; never less than \$100. The caterer's bill, at a low estimate is always \$500; the music costs \$50, and the flowers, say for an autumn wedding, including bridesmaids, bouquets and every thing, \$300. There are many additional expenses, such as arranging of presents, for which a special man is engaged, the hiring of detectives to watch the presents, carriage fare, etc., which may be set down at \$100 more.

A Rocky Hill boy of fourteen was found with a cage of seven orioles, otherwise known as golden robins or fire-hang birds. These he had trapped in ignorance of the fact that the law provides a penalty of \$5 fine and ten days imprisonment for each bird. He was taken to the police station on complaint of a member of the Connecticut humane society. There he willingly released the birds, which flew away contentedly. The boy was released, no complaint being made against him because of his evident sincerity in alleging ignorance of the law. On the contrary, the humane society man, taking pity at his disappointment at the wrecking of his little speculation, gave him 50 cents. The oriole is one of the valuable birds for destroying objectionable insects, and is carefully protected by law.—*Hartford Courant*.

The new summer retreat erected by Dr. Buzzell, at Highland Park, Fryberg, will be ready for guests July 1st. It is located upon an eminence commanding some of the finest views of the mountains, and of the rivers and lakes of the region, is in the midst of the primeval forest, and yet is easily accessible. For seven or eight years the Doctor has been making improvements upon his estate, and each season it has been visited by hundreds who have heard of the beauty of its situation, and its unique log cabin museum. The wish has often been expressed that a summer retreat open to the public might be erected in this private park, and this has at length been accomplished. Pure air, pure water, good beds, home comforts, a generous table, and large rooms, each with its open fire-place, are assured to guests. One of the finest drives in the country is that winding through the mile of forest by which the buildings on the summit of the crest is reached.

South Waterford.

We are very glad to know that you have again risen out of great tribulation, and that fire and water has failed in its attempt to "wipe you out." It takes brains to contend with mankind, but to contend successfully against the elements, requires both courage and muscle; glad to see you are possessed with both; may you more than succeed in your present undertaking.

I started to say something about So. Waterford, but for the life of me, I don't know who to talk about. I am not good for telling things about my neighbors. I don't know of one that I have any ill will against, so let's talk about nature.

As usual we have had to endure the annual howl and growl of the farmers on account of the lateness of the season—no crops, no hay, no nothing—hay will be hay this year—tater bugs, etc. Yet with all these bug-bears, the present evidences indicate a most bountiful harvest. Grass, fruit, and other crops never looked better at this time of the year. We and Mr. Greeley know something about farming, that's so.

The industries of this village are all doing a good business. Cobb & Hapgood's flouring and board mills—Nelson's bucket factory—Watson's salt box manufactory are worked to their full capacity. Ayer's wool carding mill is very busy, turning out 150 lbs. wool daily. Josiah Monroe, Esq., is manufact'g large quantities of shoox.

The South Waterford Brass Band has reorganized, and we hope will become a permanent institution. They look fine in their new caps. They will take part in the "Great Band Tournament at Lake Moranacook."

It is no use; I must talk about my neighbors!

Mr. Charles Nelson of New York city, is visiting his friends here, for a few days.

Hon. J. C. Gerry of Portland, is spending a few days at his country home.

Our hotels are being "put in order." Landlords are anticipating a busy season for them. The Waterford House, (Capt. Appleby, Proprietor), has received a new dress. The Captain is an "old salt;" he knows how to make your heart glad.

Dr. Wilson is riding in one of "Libby's best."

The Village district school is being taught by Miss Lizzie S. Hovey, a graduate of Farmington Normal School. Miss Hovey ranks as one of the best teachers in the State.

I suppose Bartlett E. Sanford would give \$5 to know where Martin York caught 175 nice trout in two hours, a few days ago. Well, I know!

Charles Young's "Plummer Colt," at his first trial, turned the track in 2:40.

Mr. Leonard, while piling bark, slipped and injured his knee badly.

Geo. Hall informs us that his patent "Rail Road Gate," is about to be adopted by the M. C. Railroad. Its working is a success.

Bolster's Mills.

Several young ladies of this place are engaged in teaching during the summer.

The school here is progressing finely under the instruction of Miss Clark, of Naples, an experienced teacher.

The Reform Club continues to hold its meetings weekly, and they are well attended and generally quite interesting.

Mr. Charles Stevens has moved to this place and occupies the house recently owned and occupied by Mrs. Griffin. He intends to work at blacksmithing.

Mr. Edwards has put about forty feet on one end of Daniel Brett's barn this Spring; also a new roof upon Greeley Jordan's barn, and has several other jobs engaged.

Oscar V. Edwards, of this place, has bought of L. H. Stuart the lot between M. Hancock's store and the grist mill owned by O. G. Cook, and intends to build a large shop, two stories high, to be used for blacksmith and carpenter work.

Miss Ella Stuart is teaching at Spurr's Corner; Miss R. B. Dorman at the Center Dist. in Harrison; Miss Ella M. Lovewell in the Sawyer Dist. on the "Gore;" and Miss Lizzie E. Lovewell in the Haskell District in Sweden.

Mr. Plummer has saved about two hundred cords of birch into spool timber and a large lot of boards, and staves, and has engaged a Mr. Knight of Waterford, to draw the same to the depot at Norway. He is now engaged in hauling the timber with a team of four horses.

Rev. J. C. Snow, pastor of the Methodist Church at Waterford, Otisfield, and Sweden, preaches here once in two weeks, in the afternoon; and Rev. Mr. Twardt, pastor of the F. W. Baptist Church at East Otisfield, on the alternate Sabbath, giving us one sermon each Sabbath.

Locke's Mills.

The grist mill, run by Mr. Le Brome, is a very nice affair, and makes as good flour as is made this side of the Western states.

The chief enterprise of our village is the spool factory, which works up hundreds of cords of birch annually, and employs a large number of our people inside the mill as well as out.

We also boast of two thrifty stores, owned and run by Messrs. E. E. Rand and A. G. Woodsum, who are up to the times, both in fitting up their stores and in selling out their goods.

The vicinity of Locke's Village is full of interest to the romantic traveller. Surrounded by lofty mountains, large ponds, level roads and pleasant drives. No doubt, as soon as the place becomes well known in the cities we shall be overrun with summer visitors.

Several large ponds in the immediate vicinity of the village, well stocked with pickerel, black bass, and muskellunge, help make this place a desirable resort for city people during the summer season; and the Mt. Abram Hotel, kept by that urbane gentleman and excellent caterer, Geo. W. Patch, adds new inducements to the place.

Hartford.

For forty-six years, the earliest blooming of apple trees, was May 18th, 1843; latest, June 8th, 1882. Earliest planting of field-corn, May 10th, 1841; latest, June 17th, '82. Latest spring frost, June 7th, 1842.

Sixty-six years ago the 8th of this month, Rev. Daniel Hutchinson, of Hartford, was ordained. It was so cold that men wore their overcoats. The ordination exercises were held in a barn, which stood near where the first liberty-pole was raised in Hartford. The following year was bountiful for all kinds of crops. While many families were on an allowance for bread, the stock, which was put on short allowance, in the winter, were having a feast in the rich pastures.

Seed corn was sold as high as three dollars and a half per bushel, and scarce at that. Many were helped to bread corn till their crops came in, which were early and large. On this time. For the fun of the thing, I stood in the Astor House rotunda at noon to-day and counted the number of times I was asked to drink in less than half an hour. Among my would-be hosts were several newspaper men, two state senators, a first-rate actor, an alderman, and two proprietors and the manager of the house, an insurance agent, my brother and a couple of boys from the post office. Did I accept? I guess not. Fortunately I have a head that aches—frequently. Experience has taught me that a violation of nature's law ensures a speedy punishment. Ache! Well, from the back of my head to the crown of my skull and all along my bumps of benevolence I ache with a perfect aching. I can stand a moderate quantum of dissipation, but long ago came to the conclusion that I was ordained to virtue and temperance. No, I didn't accept, but it struck my thoughtful bump very hard. I looked at the multitude of young and middle-aged men thronging in to lunch. Nearly every one had a drink, many had two, and a number had several. There was no confusion, no rudeness, no drunkenness, nothing to strike the eye of the casual looker-on, but I tell you the way the fiery stuff was gurgled down was a caution to the copper bottomed stomachs which had to take it to digest it. Please don't regard me as a moralist. It's none of my funeral. Every fellow has a right to do what he pleases with his stomach. I can't drink because it makes my head ache. My friend could drink because his head never ached. He died in a lunatic asylum, and I am telling about it. That's where I come in—see? Now, you know these drinkers are not the fellows who beat their wives and starve their children. They are the respectable chaps, the workers of their day and generation. All right. Go it. Count on me for an obituary.—*Philadelphia Times*.

North Waterford.

Our enterprising traders Gunn and Rand are sending out large lots of goods.

Gorham Knights' saw mill is running all the time and has turned out a large lot of lumber this spring. It has most all gone to Harrison and Norway.

The blessings in disguise (potato and squash bugs so thoroughly disguised that even the deacon cannot recognize the blessing) have begun their devastation. For some time they have been around listening for the first potato on and devour it. As a consequence Paris Green is in demand.

Elliot & Bartlett are busy getting ready to replace their spool mill, which was burnt. They will rebuild on the old site provided the town of Albany will exempt them from taxation for ten years. The select men of that town have issued a warrant for a town meeting to consider the subject and the town will undoubtedly do as they request.

Everything with us here moves along in about the same old way. The farmers are busy putting in the seed and as a consequence the village presents a rather dull appearance during the day. There is the usual number of evil prophets, who look for poor crops and hard times. However seed-time and harvest are promised and the promise has been fulfilled in years as backward as this.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

HARPERS for July is a strong number. It starts with a portrait of Emerson as a frontispiece which is followed by a wealth of illustrations and readable articles.

EMERSON'S FASHION QUARTERLY for summer gives a full description of what to wear, where to buy it and how much to pay for it. Good authority for styles of house furnishing goods, etc. Published by Ehrich Bros., 8th Avenue, New York.

The GRANITE MONTHLY for June opens with a well written sketch of Hon. Harry Bingham, followed by "Reminiscences of Daniel Webster," by Hon. John Wentworth. There is a sketch of Littleton and a readable account of "New Hampshire men in Lowell," making a good number.

A TEMPERANCE LECTURE.

NOT IN THE USUAL VEIN—THOUGHTS OF A MAN OF THE WORLD.

"Howard" in the Philadelphia Times, says: Men are not prone to heed lessons, are they? "If we were, there wouldn't be so many fellows trying to drink themselves into eternity." I found in the death notices day before yesterday the names of three men, each of whom was dear to me. One of them used to live in Boston, then in Washington, of late in New York. He died in a lunatic asylum.

Why?

By rum I mean strong drink. We use rum as a generic term for all liquors. This friend was 41 when he died. He was an inventor, a pusher, a driving, energetic man of business, and he had two inventions, each of which would have made him a very rich man. I went to his hotel one day about six months ago to look at one of his schemes. I won't tell you what, because you'd recognize the man. I was in his room, with two others, perhaps two hours. In that time he ordered two "small bottles" five brandy and sodas, one ginger ale and a Vermont cocktail. In addition he had a private bottle of whiskey from which he now and then took a drink. We all had an occasional pull, but the above list was his portion. I remarked it and asked him if he wasn't afraid it would give him a headache, for this was early in the day, from 11 to 1. He laughed and said he never had a headache in his life. Down at Cony Island when the others drank beer he had champagne. He was never drunk, hardly ever fuddled, but all of a sudden, about two months ago, something gave way, crack, bang, and his never aching head was gone. He was crazy as a loon. With difficulty he was taken to an asylum, where he degenerated into a hopeless idiot, sank quickly, and was buried yesterday.

Exceptional case?

"Well, yes, in that he had a superb constitution, a bright, quick wit, and a head that never ached. Also, in that he died a lunatic. But it is not exceptional in the habit of continuous drink. Very few people stop to think of it. Go into a popular restaurant. It's 'Hullo! what'll you take?' all the time. For the fun of the thing, I stood in the Astor House rotunda at noon to-day and counted the number of times I was asked to drink in less than half an hour. Among my would-be hosts

were several newspaper men, two state senators, a first-rate actor, an alderman, and two proprietors and the manager of the house, an insurance agent, my brother and a couple of boys from the post office. Did I accept? I guess not. Fortunately I have a head that aches—frequently. Experience has taught me that a violation of nature's law ensures a speedy punishment. Ache! Well, from the back of my head to the crown of my skull and all along my bumps of benevolence I ache with a perfect aching. I can stand a moderate quantum of dissipation, but long ago came to the conclusion that I was ordained to virtue and temperance. No, I didn't accept, but it struck my thoughtful bump very hard. I looked at the multitude of young and middle-aged men thronging in to lunch. Nearly every one had a drink, many had two, and a number had several. There was no confusion, no rudeness, no drunkenness, nothing to strike the eye of the casual looker-on, but I tell you the way the fiery stuff was gurgled down was a caution to the copper bottomed stomachs which had to take it to digest it. Please don't regard me as a moralist. It's none of my funeral. Every fellow has a right to do what he pleases with his stomach. I can't drink because it makes my head ache. My friend could drink because his head never ached. He died in a lunatic asylum, and I am telling about it. That's where I come in—see? Now, you know these drinkers are not the fellows who beat their wives and starve their children. They are the respectable chaps, the workers of their day and generation. All right. Go it. Count on me for an obituary.—*Philadelphia Times*.

Executors' Sale of Real Estate. Pursuant to a license from the Hon. Judge of Probate, for the county of Oxford, I shall sell at public auction, Tuesday the twenty-fifth day of July, A. D., 1882, at one o'clock in the afternoon, on the premises, the house and land of the estate of John Whitmarsh, late of Norway, deceased, situate on Cottage street, in the village of Norway, aforesaid, bounded on the north by Libby & Mixer's land; on the east by Cottage street, on the south by Jonathan Blake's land; and on the west by Jacob Tabbs' land, and by Mrs. Back's land, containing one-half acre, more or less.

Norway, June 20, 1882.

HENRY UPTON.

Geo. A. Cole, Auctioneer.

Local correspondents and agents for the ADVERTISER are wanted in the towns adjoining Norway. Send us in the local happenings. We'll make it right with you.

OXFORD CO. ADVERTISER.

Norway and Vicinity.

These are the longest days. Curbing for the sidewalks is put in.

Remember that a week from Tuesday is the glorious Fourth.

Ask your friends to subscribe to ADVERTISER.

If you want job printing of any call at the ADVERTISER office.

The *Citizen* says: Rev. F. E. En of Mechanic Falls, is seriously ill.

The Democrats hold their caucus at Concert Hall, Saturday at 4 o'clock.

Job Printing of every description neatly and promptly done at this office.

Wm. F. Rounds found his pocket book after it was absent about days.

The Greenbackers hold their caucus in Concert Hall next Saturday at P. M.

Business men should avail themselves of the opportunity to do some advertising in these columns.

The Reform Club is doing a work, and numbers are signing pledge.

A sidewalk is being put in by H. L. Horne's and G. W. H. residences.

It is expected that the Royal Chapter at Mechanic Falls will be located here for a term of years.

Barnum billed the town for his moral show last Monday. The will be at Lewiston July 11.

Mr. Geo. McAllister, of Oboasts of a Leghorn hen that re-laid an egg which measured inches.

Our summer schools are Those who are having their first experience as teachers are meeting very good success.

The ladies of the Universalists are planning a Strawberry and Cream Festival, for the night of July 4th.

The liquor case tried before Knapp, Monday, resulted in a charge of the respondent, Dr. S. of Oxford.

Mr. S. P. Maxim of So. building a very pretty two story house, on India St. for Davis of Canton.

The Norway Light Infantry use the Beals Hotel bowling temporary armory. E. H. B. have been putting it in shape.

Jas. O. Crooker has contracted at his house. His wife is dangerously ill and his is on the sick list.

The pay roll of the Norway Factory for the week ending June amounted to \$1,482.16. The business is starting up a little earlier than usual.

PERANCE LECTURE.

USUAL VEIN—THOUGHTS OF
N OF THE WORLD.

In the Philadelphia Times,
not prone to heed lessons.
we were, there wouldn't
flows trying to drink them
ternity. I found in the
day before yesterday the
s men, each of whom was
One of them used to live
in Washington, of late
He died in a lunatic

mean strong drink. We
generic term for all liquors.
was 41 when he died. He
er, a publisher, a driving,
of business, and he had
each of which would
a very rich man. I
hotel one day about six
look at one of his schemes.
what, because you'd rec-
an. I was in his room,
ers, perhaps two hours.
ordered two "small bot-
tles and sodas, one ginger
mont cocktail. In addition
a bottle of whiskey from
y and then took a drink.
an occasional pull, but the
his portion. I remarked
him if he wasn't afraid it
him a headache, for this
e day, from 11 to 1. He
aid he never had a head-
e. Down at Coney Island
ers drank beer he had
He was never drunk,
dled, but all of a sudden,
aths ago, something gave
ng, and his never aching
e. He was crazy as a
lifficulty he was taken to
ere he degenerated into a
sank quickly, and was
lay.

case?
in that he had a super,
bright, quick wit, and a
er ached. Also, in that
ic. But it is "not excep-
abit of com'ans drink.
ple stop to think of it.
popular restaurant. It's
"ll "on take" all the
"an of the thing, I stood
house rotunda at noon to-
tated the number of times
to drink in less than half
ong my would-be hosts
newspaper men, two state
-rate actor, an alderman,
rietors and the manager
an insurance agent, my
couple of boys from the
id I accept? I guess not.
have a head that aches—
Experience has taught me
n of nature's law ensures
ishment. Ache! Well,
of my head to the crown
d all along my bumps of
ache with a perfect ad-
and a moderate quantum
t, but long ago came to the
t I was ordained to virtue
ce. No, I didn't accept,
ay thoughtful bump very
ed at the multitude of
iddle-aged men thronging
Nearly every one had a
and two, and a number
There was no confusion,
no drunkenness, nothing
of the casual looker-on,
the way the fiery stuff
own was a caution to the
ed stomachs which had
rest it. Please don't re-
moralist. It's none of
Every fellow has a right
dresses with his stomach.
eance it makes my head
and could drink because
ached. He died in a
and I am telling about
here I come in—see?
or these drinkers are not
to beat their wives and
children. They are the re-
s, the workers of their
tion. All right. Go it.
for an obituary.—Phila-

Sale of Real Estate.

A license from the Hon.
ate, for the county of
sell at public auction,
twenty-fifth day of July,
one o'clock in the after-
noon, the house and
premises, the house and
ate of John Whitmarsh,
y, deceased, situate on
the village of Norway,
nded on the north by
s land; on the east by
on the south by Jona-
and; and on the west by
nd, and by Mrs. Buck's
g one-half acre, more

20, 1882.
HENRY UPTON.
Auct'.

ponents and agents for
are wanted in the
Norway. Send us in
enings. We'll make it

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residences.

It is expected that the Royal Arch
Chapter at Mechanic Falls will soon be
located here for a term of years.

Barnum billed the town for his great
moral show last Monday. The show
will be at Lewiston July 11.

Mr. Geo. McAllister, of Oxford,
boasts of a Leghorn hen that recently
laid an egg which measured 7x6 1/2
inches.

Our summer schools are closing.
Those who are having their first ex-
perience as teachers are meeting with
very good success.

The ladies of the Universalist Society
are planning a Strawberry and Ice
Cream Festival, for the night of
July 4th.

The liquor case tried before Justice
Knapp, Monday, resulted in the dis-
charge of the respondent, Dr. Stevens,
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Mr. S. P. Maxim of So. Paris is
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ing house, on India St. for a Mr.
Davis of Canton.

The Norway Light Infantry are to
use the Beals Hotel bowling alley as a
temporary armory. E. H. Brown has
been putting it in shape.

Mr. H. J. Morton left for Boston
Tuesday, where he will take charge of
the manufacture of Noyes' Patent Dryer
for lumber.

Jas. O. Crooker has considerable
sickness at his house. His wife's moth-
er is dangerously ill and his daughter
is on the sick list.

The pay roll of the Norway Shoe
Factory for the week ending June 10th
amounted to \$1,432.16. The shoe busi-
ness is starting up a little earlier this
season than usual.

L. B. Weeks goes to the Yates House
Bridleford Pool as caterer this summer,
and wants three or four table girls.
Wages three dollars per week, and fare
paid one way.

The Selectmen met last Saturday
laid out a street from Pleasant St. to
Mrs. Witt's house and continued Mar-
ston St. to Ivory Smith's, also located
Pine and Hazen streets.

The Universalist State Convention is
to be held next week, June 27th, 28th,
and 29th, at Augusta. Half fare rates
are offered from this village. Tickets
good from Monday till Saturday.

Mr. Freeland Howe and family and
Mr. E. W. Howe have attended the
commencement at Tufts College, this
week, from which College their sons
Geo. R. and Frank H. Howe graduate.

We understand that at the county
convention to be held at Paris next
Tuesday, the friends of J. A. Roberts,
Esq. of this village, will use their best
efforts to make him a candidate for
Clerk of Courts.

The many friends of Samuel Howe
were much relieved to receive a tele-
gram from him in Grinnel, Iowa, stat-
ing that he and his family were unin-
jured by the terrible cyclone that swept
over their city last Saturday.

The officers of Harry Rust Post, No.
54, G. A. R., of Norway, will meet at
the store of Capt. Fitz, on the last Fri-
day evening of this month, June 30th,
at 7:30, sharp. Let every one be pres-
ent. Also the next regular meeting of
the Post will be held at Grange Hall,
on the first Friday evening of July, at
8 o'clock, and thereafter the first Fri-
day in each month. Let there be a
general attendance at the next meeting,
and in order to accomplish this, let
every comrade of the Post cut this out
and paste it in his hat. All soldiers
wishing to join the Post will please
make application, and present them-
selves to be mustered in on the even-
ing of July 7th.

Wanted a boy to work in this office.

J. O. Crooker speaks of the merits of
the A. & W., W. G., N. E. Oil Stoves
in another column.

Miss M. E. Crockett informs us that
she will sell the remainder of her mil-
linery goods at cost after this week.

The Norway Light Infantry is being
reorganized. We expect to be able to
give full particulars next week.

Miss Inez O'Brien daughter of Lewis
O'Brien of this place, returned home
from Smiths College to spend her vaca-
tion.

A. F. Andrews imports several horses
from Canada. They arrived this week.
Those in want of good horses will do
well to look them over.

Mr. Freeland Bolster has purchased
the marble business of Mr. C. B. Keith.
He opens with a new stock in trade on
Water Street.

John A. Bolster has bought the
Parkhurst estate. He has sold some
of the oak to the Gammon Bros. and
there is still more to sell.

The True Religion office started for
North Conway Monday last. The pa-
per will be continued at that place.
Mr. Seitz's family will remain here for
a while.

The building occupied by J. T. Rowe
as a barber's shop is shortly to be moved
away to give room for the new block.
Mr. Rowe will go into the building
next to John Fitz's.

If you know of a local item don't be
bashful in speaking of it. We want all
the local news for the ADVERTISER.
Give us the items and thus make your
paper interesting.

The cider cases of Hazeltine and Pot-
ter were settled after a few hours of
"hearing" on Thursday. The respon-
dents withdrew their plea of not guilty,
and pay cost of prosecution.

Officer Blake recently seized some
fourteen barrels of cider. John Hazelt-
ine and Eben J. Pottle are the persons
from whom the cider was taken.
Those who wish to save their cider to
do their haying on will do well to take
warning.

Dr. O. N. Bradbury has returned
from his southern visit. The *Berrien
County News*, of Georgia, gives the
doctor and his party a handsome com-
pliment in their paper. They welcome
northerners to come and settle with
them.

Adjutant-General Beal and Colonel
Brown, commanding the First Maine
Regiment, will come to this city, this
week, to select the ground and make
arrangements for the sham fight on the
4th of July.—*Lewiston Journal*.

We would call the attention of our
correspondents to "what to write about"
found in another column. We want all
the local news up to the time of
going to press. We want it reliable
and authentic. When in town call and
see us.

Should any of our readers expect the
ADVERTISER will contain as much in-
teresting matter every week as given in
this number they will be disappointed.
The fact is we have considerable adver-
tising which we cannot set for want of
type. The type is on the way some
where. Just where we don't know.

At a regular meeting of Charity
Lodge, No. 9, D. of R., held on Friday
evening of last week, the following
were elected as officers for the current
term: N. G., Lucella Cummings; V.
G., Mattie Anderson; R. S., Nellie
Jewett; T., Chas. A. Pride.

Do any of our readers know who
was the author of a book entitled
"Sketches of Domestic Life." The
title page says: "by an observer." The
book was published by Shirley &
Hyde in 1831. Any information that
may throw light upon the subject will
be duly appreciated at this office.

L. L. Howard, Jr., has found a place
to work his marble opposite the saw-
mill at the upper end of the village.
He has contracted some of the best jobs
in the county, and says he has lots of
work, and wants two more first-class
workmen. He employs no agent, but
parties who give their orders to him
will get their money's worth.

Messrs. Libby & Mixer have their
carriage shop on Cottage street well
under way. The main building is
60x26 feet, with two stories, and is up
and boarded. The first floor will be
used for the wood-work and black-
smithing. The paint shop will be up
stairs. They are to build another
building, for a repository, at right an-
gles with the main building. It will
be about 48x22 feet.

The summer term of Hebron Acad-
emy has been very prosperous, and bet-
ter attended than for many years. The
graduating exercises of the Class of '89
will occur Friday, June 30th, at 8
o'clock P. M. Music will be furnished
by Ballard's Orchestra. Concert in the
evening. An oration will be given
Thursday evening, June 29th, by Rev.
A. K. P. Small, D. D., of Fall River,
Mass.

We get out this paper under a com-
bination of adversity. Part of our
printing material, that we wanted to
use in our paper, has not arrived yet.
It was shipped some ten days ago and
we expected it would arrive ere this.
We wish to express our thanks to Mr.
Watkins, of the *Democrat*, for the use
of his press, as ours is "somewhere on
the way."

Mr. C. L. Hathaway's new block on
Main St. is nearly completed. It is a
splendid looking building, much better
than the one recently destroyed by fire.
Mr. Hathaway's old tenants will short-
ly move back. Mr. S. L. Crockett
moves this Saturday. He has a very
desirable location. C. E. Holt, Esq.,
is to take an office in this building as
well as Dr. Frank Bradbury. The K.
of P. will occupy the hall.

The Lower Primary School, taught
by Miss Georgia Andrews, closed June
9th. The term has been very success-
ful and the attendance and interest
excellent. The number of scholars
registered was 29. Average attendance
27. Twelve pupils were not absent
one-half day during the term. There
are some very smart scholars of this
age in this school. The second class,
composed of Mark Smith, Bertie San-
born, Alfred Trull, Grace Richardson
and Winnie Lurry are worthy of men-
tion. They have not been absent a day,
and always have good lessons. The
discipline and instruction have been
excellent. It is one of the best man-
aged schools in town, and reflects much
credit upon its teacher.

The work of laying the foundation of
the Norway Building Association Block
has commenced in earnest. It is under
the charge of Mr. Dudley of Paris. The
Association has bought a lot on the
southerly side of Main St. 135 feet front
and 90 feet deep. The building is to be
102x60 feet, three stories with basement.
The plans drawn by Architect G. M.
Coombs of Lewiston, have been except-
ed. On the first floor, there will be
three stores, the National Bank, the As-
sessor's rooms and the Armory of the
Norway Light Infantry. Mr. Jackson
Clark, dealer in boots and shoes; F. Q.
Elliot, clothier; and Mason Bros. hard-
ware dealers, will probably occupy the
stores. The hall will be the full big-
ness of the building, with galleries on three
sides and will be capable of accommo-
dating about a thousand people. The
stage will be nicely fitted up with four
dressing rooms, two on each side. The
Norway Building Association was re-
cently incorporated. The capital stock
of \$15,000.00 has all been taken. The
following are the officers of the Associa-
tion: E. C. Andrews, Pres.; H. M.
Beare, Sec'y.; H. D. Smith, Treas.;
W. H. Whitcomb, C. L. Hathaway,
John L. Horne, Solomon I. Millett and
W. F. Foster directors.

South Paris.

An abundance of rain.

Early pears are in blossom.

Mr. Sprague is adding four and a
half feet to his barn.

Vegetation is looking nicely, and in-
dications promise a fruitful year.

Mrs. Leonard Shurtliff, who has
been ill for some time, is gradually
recovering.

Mr. W. G. Buckley has accepted a
situation in Auburn, and will soon
move his family to that place.

Several houses are being newly shing-
led, and the carpenters are busy as
black flies in the fishing season.

The Montreal Telegraph Co. are set-
ting their posts for a double wire to
Paris Hill. The line runs through
Gothic Street.

Mrs. J. B. Stowell has engaged Mr.
G. W. Cook to finish two tenements,
(one above and one below) in the stable
block connected with her residence.

Mr. Chas. Clifford has returned from
Portland, where the operation of re-
moving his right eye was successfully
performed, and he is rapidly improving.

Mrs. Mary M. Nichols died in this
village on Monday of this week, aged
71 years. The funeral obsequies oc-
curred at the residence of her son, Mr.
Jacob Nichols, on Tuesday afternoon.
The remains were carried to Portland
on the early train Wednesday morning,
and interred in the family lot in that
city.

The ADVERTISER, the same as for-
merly, will be published at Norway
and South Paris. Through a mistake
the name of the latter place was omit-
ted on the outside. It will appear
in our next issue. It is our intention
to have South Paris well represented in
the paper. Arrangements are being
made whereby we shall shortly open a
branch office at that place.—[Eds.]

Mrs. E. Townsend has opened a
store over the Savings Bank. She has
a good stock of fancy and domestic
goods. She will do dress making in
connection with her store. To every
Norway customer who buys five dol-
lars' worth of goods she pays return
car fare. Should the customer pur-
chase ten dollars' worth she furnishes
a team for conveyance home free of
charge.

Mrs. Sumner Tucker died last Fri-
day, aged 28 years. The funeral ser-
vices, conducted by Rev. E. W. Simons
were observed at the Methodist Church
on Saturday afternoon.

THE NEW HAMPSHIRE PRESS
VISIT TO MAINE.

The details of the annual summer
excursion of the New Hampshire Press
Association have been perfected and
are as follows: The party will leave
Portland on Friday night, July 7, on
the arrival of the evening train, in a
steamer specially chartered, with ample
state-rooms, running down the coast in
the night and reaching Castine, on
Penobscot Bay, one of the oldest and
most beautiful towns in Maine, and a
point of great historic interest, early in
the forenoon. A stop of two hours
will be made here, leaving in season to
reach Bar Harbor (Mount Desert) at
noon. Will quarter at the West End
Hotel, the best at this celebrated resort,
and remain two days. Leave Mount
Desert Monday noon, returning to
Portland in season for early train
Tuesday morning over the Grand
Trunk Railway for Gorham station,
one hundred miles, thence eight miles
by stage to the Glen House, on the east
side of the mountains, in season for
dinner. The party will remain at the
Glen House until Saturday morning.
Excursions embraced in the regular
programme to Glen Ellis Falls and to
the Crystal Cascade have been provid-
ed. Leave Glen House Saturday morn-
ing via Pinkham Notch, by stage, fifteen
miles for Glen Station, on the Portland
and Ogdensburg road. From this point
parties can return via Wolfborough
and the Lake and the B. C. and M.
Railroad, or by the Eastern and Boston
and Maine, reaching home same night.

To the Advertiser Correspondents.
What to Write About.

Accidents, when, where, and to
whom. Amusements, excursions, etc.,
when, where, character of, etc.

Change of business firms, when, and
name of parties. Crop, present con-
dition, future prospect. Crime of any
kind, names of offender, nature of
crime. Churches, change of pastors,
revivals, election of church officers, etc.

Dissolution of partnership, names of
parties, where going, etc. Deaths, who,
when, where, cause, age. Discoveries
of curiosities, of any thing new and
valuable. Distinguished arrivals, at
hotels or elsewhere.

Elopements, names of parties and
circumstances. Election intelligence,
takes place when, candidates to be, or
have been elected, etc.

Fires, whose property, when, where,
cause, amount of insurance, names of
companies insured in. Firemen's news
of all kinds. Facts and figures, con-
cerning any product raised in the vicin-
ity, amounts sold, profits, etc. Festi-
vals, held by whom, where, and cost.

Inventions, patents granted, to whom,
what for, and nature of improvement.

Lectures, past, to come, where, by
whom.

Marriages, who, when, where, by
whom married, where going on bridal
tour. Murders, who, when, where, by
whom, object of murder, etc.

New comers, their business, where
located, where from; etc. New manu-
factories, in prospect, where, when,
by whom established, kind, etc. New
buildings, to be or built, erected by
whom, for what purpose, etc.

Price of staple commodities in the
market, prospect for the future. Parties
leaving town, who, when, where going,
business going into. Presentations, by
whom, to whom, where given, what
presented, why.

Sales of real estate, by whom, to
whom, who will occupy, etc. Shows,
exhibitions, fairs, where, when, who
gives them, character of entertainment.

Schools, facts and figures concerning
them, change of teachers, improve-
ments needed. Secret societies, elec-
tion of officers, prosperity of the soci-
ety. Strange phenomena, in the heavens,
in the elements, in the earth, when,
where. Suggestions of improvements
needed, where, when, by whom, cost.

Surgical operations, by whom perform-
ed, of what character, condition of the
patient. Sickness, who sick, by what
physician attended, general health of
the community.

Violation of law, parties arrested and
fined, what offence, when, etc.

Communications must reach us
not later than Wednesday noon to in-
sure publication the same week. Should
items of great importance occur later
in the week they can be sent to us by a
second letter or postal card. Send us
all the news, full and complete.

ADVERTISER, Norway, Me.

A carload of shad has been shipped
by Prof. Baird, for the distribution in
Maine rivers. The car load contains
two million young shad, and these will
be distributed under the direction of
Mr. Stillwell. The fish were shipped
from Harve de Grace in Maryland,
and are brought to Maine on express
trains over the most direct connections.
One million of the shad will be placed
in the Kennebec river at Waterville,
and the other million in the Penobscot
at Mattawamkeag.

VOTE OF THANKS.

HEADQUARTERS, HARRY RUST POST,
No. 54, Norway, Me.,
June 15, 1882.

At a regular meeting of Harry Rust
Post, No. 54, G. A. R., it was unani-
mously voted that said Post extend
their thanks to the various individuals,
associations, military company and
band that assisted in the observance of
Memorial Day in Norway. For the
contribution of funds, floral decora-
tions, flags, addresses, music, and other
favors, the comrades of the Post wish
to express to the donors their sincere
gratitude.

Ira G. SPRAGUE,
Post Commander.

Official: C. S. TUCKER, Adjutant.

BAND TOURNAMENT.

The arrangements for the monster band
tournament at Lake Maranocook Tuesday,
June 27th, are about completed. Nearly
all the bands in the State have signified
their intention of being present, and the
management are receiving very flattering
letters of encouragement from leaders of
band who appreciate the benefit derived
from these tournaments. One leader
says, "We wish to enter again. My
sole object is to advance my band in
good playing; not for the amount of mon-
ey we might possibly receive. I consider
that our competing last season was better
for us than three months practice."

The programme will be more extensive
than last year. In addition to the six
cash prizes will be the prize cornet, val-
ued at \$175, to be awarded to best cor-
net soloist, which makes a grand total of
\$800. In competing for the prizes each
band will play a quickstep and a selec-
tion, and the prizes will be awarded by
competent judges from outside the State.

After the band contest there will be a
grand concert by the consolidated bands
under the direction of Mr. Frank L. Col-
lins, giving a more extensive programme
than last year. Another new feature
will be the music for dancing by Collins'
full military band of 25 pieces.

In connection with the tournament the
managers have secured the services of
Mr. J. E. Jenks, who will provide a
mammoth clam-bake of sufficient di-
mensions to supply 20,000 people at an
extremely low price. Special excursion
trains will be run on the Maine Central,
and all connecting roads. On each train
cars will be reserved for ladies, in which
no smoking will be allowed.

LITERARY NOTES.

—Mr. Longfellow in September, 1880,
told James Grant Wilson that of all his po-
etical writings he preferred "Evangeli-
ne."

—A local tragedian in Minneapolis by
the name of Barol is so given to gnashing
his teeth when he hears that they call him
a gnash-Barol.

—Professor George W. Greene, of R. I.,
is to write the biography of Longfellow,
having been selected for that office by the
poet himself, six years ago.

—Most of the critics who have read Ten-
nyson's latest poem, "The Charge of the
Heavy Brigade," think it has earned for
him the title of lower-rate instead of la-
ureate.

—Mr. Barnum now owns Charles Dick-
ens's overcoat—the one which he wore
while he was in America the last time.
It was presented to Mr. Barnum in Phila-
delphia the other day by Mr. George W.
Childs.

—Mr. Alcott's study at Concord is car-
peted with crimson, and the same rich col-
or appears on the wall-hangings and table-
cover.

—Dr. O. W. Holmes says that the young
scribblers who send him their verses have
no more right to do so than they have to
stop him in the street, show him their
tongues and ask what remedies they shall
take for their stomach's sake.

—The July *Wide Awake* will be a bril-
liant pictorial number containing no less
than eleven full-page illustrations. "The
Fairy Flag of Skye," a folk-lore story, is
said to be the most beautifully illustrated
ballad ever prepared for young readers.

REMEMBER
THE
Adams & Westlake

Wire-Gauze, Non-Explosive

OIL STOVES.

Bake better, Boil quicker, and Broil
nicer than any Oil or Gas Stove manu-
factured, and was awarded the Gold
Medal at the ATLANTA EXPOSITION
for "Safety, great variety and
perfect arrangement of the heating and
cooking apparatus." This award was
made over a contest with Coal, Oil,
Gas and Vapor Stoves.

These Stoves took the HIGHEST
AWARD of Paris, France, Exposition,
Cincinnati, Ohio, do.
Toronto, Canada, do.
Worcester, Mass., do.
1876.
1879.
1880.
BRONZE MEDAL at World's Fair,
Melbourne, Australia, 1880.

HIGHEST AWARD at Industrial
Exposition, Providence, R. I., 1881.

GOLD MEDAL at International
Cotton Exposition at Atlanta, Ga. 1881.

Don't Fail to see the Wire-Gauze,
Non-Explosive in operation, at J. O.
CROOKER'S Hard Ware Store, oppo-
site the recent Great Fire in Norway
Village.

Also a large stock of HARDWARE,
Cutlery, Haying Tools, and other use-
ful goods, for sale at lowest prices.

J. O. CROOKER,
Norway, June 20, 1882.

MAINE MINES.—Those of our citizens
who have been fondly looking for the
report of the Directors of the United States
Mint for an official confirmation of their
beliefs in the productiveness of our gold
and silver mines will be greatly surprised
to find in the place of expected statistics
the following brief but exceedingly com-
prehensive paragraph appears, only this
and nothing more:

"A number of mines have been opened
and mining companies organized in
Maine. Circulars addressed have been
forwarded, requesting from offices, agents
and owners of these mines a report of their
production, but although replies have been
received from several, no report has been
made of any of the shipment of the ore
or bullion from the State; and as none
has been reported, and as the mints and
assay officers have reported no deposits
from that State of bullion produced yet
Maine cannot be reckoned as one of the
gold and silver producing States of the
Union. All information thus far received
relates to the sinking of shafts and to the
assays of ores, which, thus far have been
promising rather than productive.—Eds.

NORMAL SCHOOL.—The annual cata-
logue of Gorham Normal School has
been received. From it we learn 257
pupils have been admitted since the
school was established, and the number
of graduates is 146. In the number of
graduates the following counties are rep-
resented as follows: Cumberland, eighty;
York, thirty-three; Oxford, nine; Som-
erset, seven; Kennebec, six; Aroostook,
five; Androscoggin, Washington, Lin-
coln, Penobscot, one each; Piscataquis

